

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Real Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Fresh plants, cabbage, tomato and sweet potato at Ross Bros., 319 E. Douglas, 142 1/2.

Ross Bros. handle all the fresh plants, 319 E. Douglas, 142 1/2.

For sale—Seed Potatoes.

We have about one hundred bushels early Ohio seed (early) which we will close out at cost or less.

DEAN, EAMES & DEAN, 418 E. Douglas.

Dr. J. Ellis Jennings, the St. Louis oculist, will be in Wichita from April 30th to May 5th, and can be consulted on diseases of the eye and ear at 813 North Lawrence avenue, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. 418 E. Douglas.

Printing Material at a Bargain.

350 lbs. Brevier.

100 lbs. Nonpareil (new).

25 Founts new job type.

4 Imposing stones, 72x26, 55x36, 72x24 70x27, 72x36.

1 Cabinet, 11 cases.

2 Double stands.

17 Pair news cases.

10 Job cases.

1 Triple cases.

1 Proof press.

1 Mustang mauler.

1 Galley rack.

8 Brass-lined double galleys.

3 Brass double galleys.

1 Galley table.

2 Desks.

1 Galley holder.

6 Founts wood type.

1 Wood-type rack.

8 Half-cases.

1 Pair 7-eel chases.

1 "6000."

About 70 founts of display type.

40 lbs. leads.

40 lbs. slugs.

40 lbs. Nonpareil.

100 lbs. Brevier.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RR.

TRAINS. ARRIVE. LEAVE.

NO. 41 Kansas City Express.

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IMAGERY OF SPRING.

Glorious Conceptions of the Resurrection of the Year.

Spring has come! For a considerable part of the human race this is the most beautiful season in language. It announces the arrival of a new life, a renewal of hope, an end of various suffering, conflict, discouragement. Spring, or at least some show of change and renewal, is always coming somewhere, but nowhere does it mean so much as in these northern latitudes for the farmer, the poet, the young maiden and the boy. There is not a human being in these latitudes who does not know when the sap begins to run up the tree trunks. It is then, if ever, that the poet taps the bole, and gathers the sweet fluid into a bucket and boils it down into a poem. Or it is then, if he prefers another figure, that he begins to sing like the early birds, who are stimulated by the tint of green and the flush of blossoms to thoughts of domestic life. Why is it that spring poetry is considered "fresh" and is quoted low in the market? There is a notion that it is immature. People say that they do not care to drink so much sap; they want art applied to the natural product; they want it boiled down till it will crystallize. They say that much of the spring poetry is stinky, by which they mean sentimental. There is some justice in this. The poet is really moved by the universal sentiment, and it seems hard that his product should be classed as raw material. There is no sound reason to country ears than the cackle of the spring hen some morning when the south wind blows and the snow banks are shrinking away, when the barn door is open, and the eaves are dripping, and the fleecy clouds promise transition, both showers and fine weather. The hen is not making music, but she announces that she has begun the production of a somewhat indefinite series of new life. To us who know life there is a note of sadness in the cackle, for it is probable that the maternal instinct of the hen is to be disappointed by the nest-hunting boy and the greed of the family, and all her exuberant joy of life turned into a commercial operation. But no objection is made against the eggs because they are too fresh. Nor is any question raised by the statesmen in Washington whether they are raw material or finished product. To the hen they are both. The hen is no tariff reformer. She is just solicitous for the prosperity of her race. The poet is sometimes more culpable than the hen. He has no ambitious patience to sit upon his eggs long enough to determine whether they have or have not life in them, but he sells them to the magazines and newspapers, and the public is so often deceived that it raises a cry that raw material should not come in free.

But this line of remark belittles the glorious conception of the resurrection of the year. It is a sort of Miriam song of triumph that the Red Sea is passed, and that the horrid forces of the enemy are drowned in the spring freshet. There is also in it the feeling of security and confidence that whatever Frost and Thaw may do hereafter, things are going in the right direction, and the sun is every morning rising further north. In this exultant spirit it is easy to forgive enemies and creditors. There are so many signs of coming abundance and gracious ease in living. Spring has come! But let there be no grains of deception in these papers. It has come to the reader, but not to the writer. There can be no confidence in the study if its integrity is doubted. Its reasoning may not commend itself to the reader, but it is necessary that there should be belief in its honesty. While this song of the Vernal Equinox is being penned, the ground is white with snow, the bare branches of the trees are thrashing about in a cruel northwest gale, there is a sort of lurid light along the western sky, which if seen by a sailor at sea would make him reef his sails and send the passengers below, and the telegraph announces that a Rocky Mountain cyclone is traveling thither, waiting along in the arms of a Texan hurricane. These are the facts. All the rest is the work of the imagination. And it is justified. For the New England man, most part of the year, lives by his imagination. Without it he would perish.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

NOTHING HAPPENED.

But Bud Harkins believes in Presentiments Just the Same.

"Of course I believe in presentiments," said Bud Harkins as he joined a small group that had gathered in the Lindell hotel corridor, St. Louis, a few days ago.

"One of the most vivid things that ever occurred to me in that way happened about a year ago. I was in New Mexico and my wife and baby were in Toledo, O. One night I was lying in bed, and had not yet gone to sleep, when a mist seemed to envelop the room, and out from the mist came a picture of my wife leaning over the baby, and to my horror the child was dead."

"I tried to shake off the idea, but I could not. It haunted me all that night, and kept me from doing any work the next day."

"There was no station from which I could telegraph, and if there had been it would have done no good. I knew just as well as though I had been present that the child was dead."

"I left the night after my vision for home, telegraphing at the earliest possible opportunity. All the way to Chicago I had a strange feeling that I should not take the first train to Toledo; that there would be an accident, and when I reached the city I was actually relieved to find that we had missed connection. I telegraphed my wife and she answered fully there."

"A chorus of voices asked: 'Had it happened, just as in the vision?'"

"Happened? I wasn't talking about happenings. Nothing had happened. I was only talking about presentiments, and I believe in them, because I have had them."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Man for the Place.

Visitor—How did it happen that such an unpopular man as Grumpy got elected road inspector by such an unprecedented majority?

Host—Grumpy rides a bicycle.—Good News.

Never Doubted It.

Outcome—You remember, I told you I was not sure about the marriage?

Mrs. Outcome—And you remember what implicit confidence I had in what you told me?

—X. X. World.

HOPE FOR DYSEPTICS

A NATURAL FOOD THAT DOES NOT REQUIRE DIGESTION.

THE WAY IT IS DONE.

How Mixing With Fruit Acids Digests Food Before It Is Even Taken Into the Mouth.

Natural foods are as a rule insoluble. They must be dissolved before they can be absorbed.

Digesting is the dissolving of food in our mouth, stomach and intestines. It is done by special ferments prepared by special organs.

A great deal of energy is used up in digestion. Well people can spare the energy; sick people can not. People who have not sufficient energy suffer from indigestion.

It is plain that Paskola, which is an artificially digested food, will save a sick person a good deal of energy.

Artificial digestion is the dissolving of food outside the body by the same ferments that dissolve it inside the body. Paskola is a fattening food made of grains and fruits that have been digested in this way. It also aids in the digestion of other food.

Sick people need all their energy to get well. They should take Paskola. Thin people spend their energy in business or other cares and worry. Paskola will make them fat without giving their digestive organs any work.

Paskola is an ideal natural fattening food. It is more. It is a natural tonic food that does not create false new energy but helps you to husband what you have.

Any one who reads the thankful words which follow will be convinced of the surpassing worth of this great artificially digested food.

WESTON, N. J., March 8, 1894.

The Pre-Digested Food Co., 30 Beade st., New York.

GENTLEMEN—Yours of recent date at hand, I have given the pamphlets to different persons as requested.

And now let me add that I have not changed my mind in any reference to the superior value of Paskola, not I; it is doing wonderful work. Not only is it running and crystal-like in appearance, but its worth is felt more every day since I commenced using it. I take it according to directions, and what is still more, instead of its being nauseating and unpleasant, it is delicious.

I think also that Paskola needs little advertisement and few testimonials, as it will be accepted on its own merits, this being sufficient to convince the most skeptical after a day or two at longest.

I say it is a food fully capable of doing even more good than that for which it is advertised (dyspepsia).

I consider it simple duty to tell what it is doing for me, that the discoverer may be encouraged and assured of its marvelous value. Respectfully,

MRS. R. P. CARY.

BRIDGTON, N. J., April 11, 1894.

The Pre-Digested Food Co., 30 Beade st., New York.

GENTLEMEN—Seeing your advertisement of Paskola as a flesh-forming food, I concluded to test the merit of your preparation for my little girl, who is now 4 years of age and has always been thin and puny. In fact, has been under the doctor's care from birth.

Before the first bottle had been consumed I discharged the doctor, as I noticed such a marked and rapid change for the better, as she is rapidly gaining in flesh. Her little face, once so thin and colorless, is now rounding up daily, and I notice a pink tint on her cheeks that I never saw there before.

Paskola is worth its weight in gold.

Wm. M. MILLER.

Paskola may be obtained of any reputable druggist. A pamphlet on food and digestion will be mailed free, on application to the Pre-Digested Food Co., 30 Beade street, New York.

There is a remarkable sand dune near the lighthouse at Cape Henry, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. The sand from the beach has been piled up nearly 200 feet at an easy slope on the ocean side, but on the inland side it descends in an almost sheer precipice and particles of sand blow up the slope fall over the edge and are spread far and wide by the wind. It is supposed that the precipice-like peculiarity of the mound is due to the action of conflicting wind currents that blow about the cape.

At one period of the last century there was a fashion of writing didactic works in verse. Brumoy's "Art of Glass Making," Vanier's "Treatise on Raising Pigeons," Du Cerceau's "Tribes of Butterflies," are notable examples, while works on orange culture, on kitchen gardening, on the care of fish, on cooking, on the keeping of cows and the best way to make butter are still extant. La Bruin wrote a poem on sweetmeats, someone else on mineral waters, Vida one on chess, first one on the use of tea, and another on the benefits of salt.

The Co-operative Union Laundry, of Indianapolis, a joint stock concern owned by laundry girls, was started with an investment of \$3,500 in cash. A dispatch to the New York Tribune states that the report of the manager at the recent meeting shows that the year's total receipts were over \$19,000, with \$1,500 of good book accounts. The average number on the pay roll during the year was twenty-one, the lowest wages paid, \$9.50, with overtime at once and a half the regular rate. Counting the debts paid and the amount paid for new material, the net earnings above the expenses yielded a profit of over 90 per cent. Considering the business depression the girls feel that they have no cause to complain.

A pretty fad of recent birth among members of New York society is to personate mythological nymphs and goddesses in their photographs, and this is done with great success by many fair women whose forms and faces would not discredit the originals. Of course, such pictures are not for general distribution, but form a most interesting collection, as the dress, pose and even expression, of the original conceptions are often copied with wonderful fidelity. The growing popularity of the idea necessitates the employment of a woman to attend to that branch of the business. The effect of wind-blown hair and drapery, usually a feature of these photographs, is produced by means of a powerful electric fan near the subject in operation.

Time to Stop.

Little Dick—I think I'd better stop going to school.

Father—Why so?

Little Dick—We've got to studying about words now, and if I learn to pronounce everything the way the dictionary says, nobody will know what I'm talking about.—Good News.

Occasional vacations are worth more than silver handles on a coffin that comes sooner than nature intended.—Milwaukee Journal.

Visitor—"My son writes well, but wants a large field. What would you recommend?" Editor—"Mule and ten acres."—Atlanta Constitution.

Yeast—"You have a girl to do the heavy work in your house, I suppose?" Crimmonbeak—"No; my wife makes all her own bread."—Yenkers Statesman.

A tramp goes about prescribing the following cure for dyspepsia: "Live on plain food, and give your rich, indigestible dishes to the poor. I'm the poor, mum."

Watts—"I thought you were on the inside in that little deal?" Potts—"I was. That's how I happened to fall so hard when the bottom dropped out."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Was Safe.—Goslin (quoting)—"A little learning is a dangerous thing." Miss Flypp—"How glad you ought to be that you are not in the slightest danger."—Detroit Free Press.

"You looked very uncomfortable during the latter part of your lecture, Jawley. What was the matter?" "Matter enough. Both my feet were asleep." "You must have very discerning feet."—Harper's Bazar.

Squash: Pare, take out the seeds, and cut in small pieces. Steam until soft, mash fine, and add salt, pepper and butter. Several varieties of squash are good cut in slices and baked in the oven. Eat with butter, just as you would baked sweet potatoes.—Ohio Farmer.

"I don't think Parker is a good